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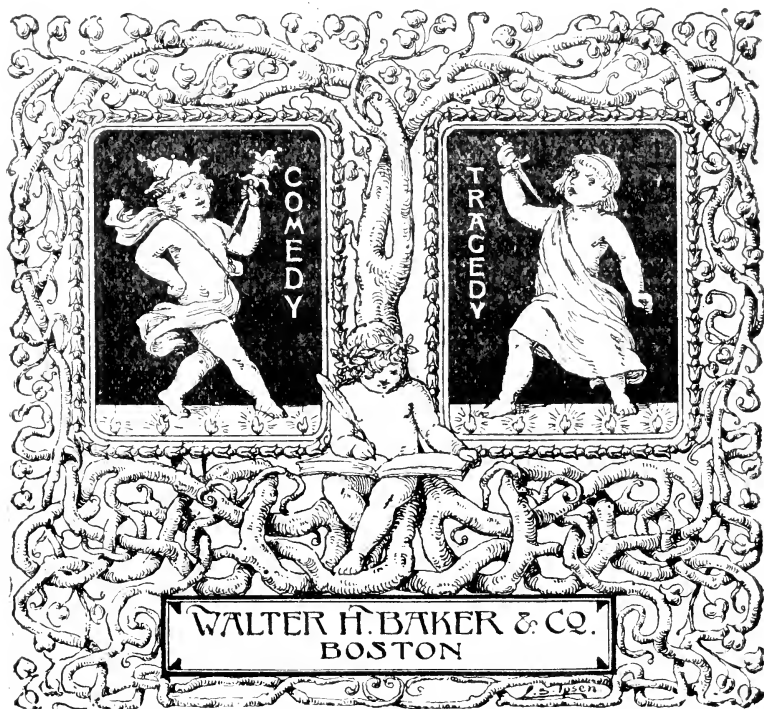
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The Great Chicken Case

A Mock Trial

By
ALLAN BURNS



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1915

The Great Chicken Case

CHARACTERS

JUDGE HIRAM HAYSEED.
CLERK OF COURT, JOHN SIMPSON.
COUNSEL FOR PLAINTIFF, I. WILL SOAKEM, ESQ.
COUNSEL FOR DEFENSE, SUMNER WEBSTER WYNDYE, ESQ.
WITNESSES FOR PLAINTIFF:
MRS. I. M. A. SCRIBBLER.
MRS. REV. R. U. PENITENT.
MR. G. W. T. J. J. G. A. A. L. JOHNSON.
WITNESSES FOR DEFENSE:
PROF. SOLOMON ARISTOTLE PUFFER.
MRS. JOHN JONES.
MR. I. B. SWEENEY.
THE DEFENDANT, HENRY HENPECK.
SHERIFF HEZEKIAH HENDERSON.
THE JURY:
JESSE JAMES.

(Use the real names of the other eleven ladies and gentlemen constituting this body, or the names of public characters of present fame or notoriety.)

NOTES

Costumes at the discretion of performers.
Local names and places should be used.
Time of playing: about one hour and forty-five minutes.
Stage should be arranged to resemble court-room.
Clerk and counsel should stand when addressing the court, reading oaths, examining witnesses, etc.



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IMPORTANT

The author of "The Great Chicken Case" will coach this play for any organization or club, within an hour's ride from Boston. For rates apply to George D. Burns, 246 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass. ❀ ❀



The Great Chicken Case

SCENE.—*A court-room, arranged to suit circumstances. All characters are in their places, except the JUDGE, the DEFENDANT, the JURORS, and the WITNESSES, who are seated among the audience. Enter JUDGE HIRAM HAYSEEDE. All stand until he is seated, when they also sit.*

CLERK OF COURT, JOHN SIMPSON. Oi, oi, oi, oi, oi. This dishonorable court is now in session.

JUDGE. The Clerk will proceed with the reading of the docket.

CLERK. Case 99,999. Commonwealth vs. Rev. R. U. Penitent. Defendant charged with disturbing the peace by loud and turbulent words on various Sunday mornings. Charge preferred by Mulligan Guards Baseball Club.

JUDGE. Who appears for the government in this case?

SUMNER WEBSTER WYNDYE. I do, your Honor.

JUDGE. Who for the defendant?

I. WILL SOAKEM. I do, your Honor.

JUDGE. Have either of you any objection to proceeding at once to trial?

SOAKEM. Your Honor, in order to save the time of the precious Court,—I should say in order to save the precious time of the Court, and in view of the previous good character of the defendant, and in consideration of his promise never again to say anything that will wake up Deacon Sleeper from his Sunday morning nap, I move that the case be put on file and the defendant put on prohibition—I mean probation.

JUDGE. Has the Counsellor for the government any objection?

WYNDYE. Your Honor, personally I prefer a high license law to absolute prohibition —

SOAKEM. Your Honor, I said probation, not prohibition.

WYNDYE. No objection then, your Honor.

JUDGE. Case placed on file; defendant on probation. Next case.

CLERK. Case 99,999½. I. W. Soakem vs. S. W. Wynde. Alienation of affections. Charged that on the occasion of an oyster supper held in Pumpkin Corners Grange Hall, July 24th last, aforesaid Wyndye's marathon eloquence nearly caused a rupture between the pleasant relations existing between the aforesaid Soakem and his temper. Soakem thought Wyndye was never going to get through and give him a chance to speak.

JUDGE. Who represents the complainant?

SOAKEM. I represent myself, your Honor.

WYNDYE. Good imitation.

CLERK. Order in the court.

SOAKEM. And I want to say right now that of all the mean, underhanded, reprehensible —

JUDGE. We will hear you later, Mr. Soakem. Counsel for the defendant?

WYNDYE. I appear in my own behalf, your Honor; and in view of the exhibition just given us by the plaintiff, I move that the indictment be quashed, on the ground that the complainant never had a temper to lose.

JUDGE. Indictment quashed. Next case.

CLERK. Case 99,999½ a. Pumpkin Corners Union Meeting House Society vs. John Shovellor, janitor. Charged that on the first, second, and third Sundays in January, three years ago, the defendant let the fire escape by the new fire escape, thereby making it necessary to hold church in the vestry and Sunday-school in the kitchen.

JUDGE. Who appears for the plaintiff?

WYNDYE. Your Honor, I have the honor.

JUDGE. For the defendant? (*No answer.*) Where is the defendant?

SHERIFF HEZEKIAH HENDERSON. Skipped his bail, your Honor.

JUDGE. Nobody home, eh? Case postponed to January 33d. Next.

CLERK. Case 100,000. Ladies' Aid Society of Pumpkin Corners vs. Henry Henpeck. Charged with the larceny of one chicken on the evening of January 26th.

JUDGE. Who appears for the ladies?

SOAKEM. I do, your Honor.

JUDGE. For the defendant?

WYNDYE. I, your Honor.

JUDGE. Any objection to proceeding to trial? (*Counsel shake heads.*) The sheriff will produce the prisoner. (SHERIFF

searches the audience for some time; finally discovers the defendant on a rear seat. Places him in the "cage.") The Clerk will read the panel of jurors for the case. If either counsel desires to challenge a juror, he may do so as the list is read. No time will be given for examination of the jurors.

(CLERK calls three names, the last being that of a colored man.)

WYNDYE. Your Honor, I object. No colored man should be allowed to serve on the jury in a chicken case.

JUDGE. Can ——— (*the colored man*). Read on.

CLERK. Jesse James, Julius Cæsar.

SOAKEM. Your Honor, I object to this Cæsar person. He is an Eye-talian, and the president of the Pick and Shovel Trust.

JUDGE. Pass Cæsar. Proceed.

(CLERK calls names of three men and one woman—a suffragette.)

WYNDYE. Your Honor, I object to a suffragette serving on this jury. I object, sir, I ob ———

JUDGE. No gentleman should object to a lady. Mrs. ——— (*name a suffragette*) will pour—I should say serve. Go on. (CLERK calls names of five women.) The list as read by the Clerk, with the exception of J. Cæsar and ——— (*colored man*), will stand. The jurors will please occupy the seats at my left. On account of his familiarity with court, I will designate Jesse James as foreman of the jury.

(*The Jurors are seated.*)

JESSE JAMES. Your Honor, I object to the way in which the jurors are seated. I think every fellow ought to have a girl to sit beside.

JUDGE. Will the gentleman designate the lady he wants to sit beside?

JAMES. The one in the green waist.

JUDGE. Will the lady in the green waist occupy the seat beside the foreman of the jury? And remember, no holding hands, now. This is a serious affair. The Clerk will now swear at—I mean swear in, the jurors.

CLERK. You will please stand, raise your right hand, and repeat after me. (*Jurors stand, one on a chair, raise hands, some right, some left, some both, and repeat oath with variations.*) You do sullenly swear—to the worst of your ability—

to judge unfairly and partially—all evidence—pro and con—whatever that means—in all cases—or other packages—presented to this court.—So help you—Ananias and Sapphira!

JUDGE. The jurors may be seated. The Clerk will read the indictment in this case. The prisoner will stand and raise his right hand as the indictment is read.

CLERK. Henry Henpeck, the state of Matrimony, upon the complaint of the plaintiff, the Ladies' Aid Society of the town of Pumpkin Corners in the aforesaid state, alleges, charges, and claims that upon the evening of the 26th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1915, you did wilfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought, make away with, take, steal, and obtain possession of, illegally, unlawfully, and feloniously, a chicken named Daisy White, said chicken being at the aforesaid time legally, lawfully, and rightfully in the possession and custody of one Ahasuerus Smith, and said chicken Daisy being then, there, and therefore fattened with the intention of its being killed, massacred, quartered, drawn, cooked, boiled, roasted, fried, fricasseed, broiled, croquetted, hashed, or otherwise prepared for consumption at the Ladies' Aid Society supper on the evening of the 31st day of the aforesaid month of the aforesaid year; and with this heinous, horrible and hideous crime you are charged in three counts, to wit:—

First: On the aforesaid evening of the aforesaid day of the aforesaid month of the aforesaid year you did abscond, take, steal, and elope with the aforesaid chicken Daisy from the aforesaid henyard of the aforesaid Smith, by means of putting the aforesaid Daisy into a burlap bag of no value, and therewith illegally and feloniously removing the aforesaid burlap bag, chicken, no value, and all, from the premises of the aforesaid Smith.

Second: On the aforesaid evening of the aforesaid day of the aforesaid month of the aforesaid year, you did lure away the aforesaid chicken Daisy from the aforesaid Smith by various illegal, unlawful, and felonious means; to wit, by whistling, singing, playing a Jew's harp, and otherwise making presumably musical noises of an enticing nature.

Third: On the aforesaid of the aforesaid of the aforesaid of the aforesaid, you did choke, throttle, grip, grasp, clutch, and otherwise manhandle the aforesaid chicken Daisy, with the intention of thereby depriving it of life, which intention you did with force and violence carry out, whereby the aforesaid Daisy perished, expired, gave up the ghost, and died.

What do you say to these charges: are you guilty or not guilty?

HENRY HENPECK. Not guilty.

JUDGE. The prisoner may be seated. To save time, the witnesses will all be sworn in at once. Will the counsel for the plaintiff read a list of his witnesses?

SOAKEM. Your Honor, I shall call on the following: Mrs. I. M. A. Scribbler, Mrs. Rev. R. U. Penitent, Mr. G. W. T. J. J. Q. A. A. L. Johnson.

JUDGE. Will the counsel for the defense present his list of witnesses?

WYNDYE. Your Honor, I shall call on the following: Prof. Solomon Aristotle Puffer, Mrs. John Jones, Mr. I. B. Sweeney.

JUDGE. Will the witnesses please stand in a row before the clerk of court, and be sworn at?

(Witnesses rise and repeat the oath with any desired variations.)

CLERK. Raise your right hand and repeat after me. You do sullenly swear—without profanity—to tell the truth—once in a while—to tell the whole truth—sometimes—and to tell nothing but the truth—when you can't get out of it.—So help you——. *(Give the name of a local daily paper.)*

JUDGE. The witnesses may be seated. The first witness for the prosecution may take the stand.

SOAKEM. Mrs. Scribbler. *(She takes the stand.)* What is your name?

MRS. I. M. A. SCRIBBLER. Mrs. I. M. A. Scribbler.

SOAKEM. Your name when full?

MRS. S. Sir?

SOAKEM. I mean your name in full, your whole name, all of it.

MRS. S. Oh. Ivernia Mauretania Augusta Scribbler.

SOAKEM. What is your occupation?

MRS. S. Oh, washing, and ironing, and baking, and sweeping, and sewing, and playing the piano, and dusting, and, oh, yes, keeping my husband good-natured.

SOAKEM. Is that *all* you do?

MRS. S. All? Goodness, no. I belong to the Woman's Club, and the Suffrage League, and the Daughters of Rebekah, and I'm a member of the Union Glee Club, and the Pumpkin Corners Handel and Haydn Society. Then I'm president

of the Missionary Society, and treasurer of the Sunday-school, and secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society.

SOAKEM. In the records of the latter society, have you any information relative to this case?

MRS. S. Oh, yes, lots. Here's one. "October 26, 1914. Meeting called to order with President Mrs. Pinfeather in the chair." She had on her new purple bombazine, cut on the bias, with twenty-five gored skirt slit to the instep, and a piping of green velvetten around the neck. She wore her last year's blue toque, with a maroon and magenta willow plume, and ——

WYNDYE. Your Honor, I object to this line of testimony. This is a hen case, not a millinery opening.

JUDGE. The witness will please confine herself to reading her records.

MRS. S. Very well. "It was voted that the Ladies' Aid Society hold a Leap Year party, even if it wasn't Leap Year, to encourage the habit of matrimony among the young people of Pumpkin Corners." Not that we want to have any one person get the habit the way Nat Goodwin has it, but —— Oh, all right, you needn't get up, Sum Wyndye, I'll go back to the reading. "It was voted that a Chicken Pie Supper be held on the evening of January 31st." This was on motion of Mrs. Askam, who said she wanted to go around soliciting, so she could find out whether Mrs. Smith had her new Rembrandt chromo yet that she was going to get with two thousand premium tags from her husband's packages of Hemprope's Smoking and Chewing Gum, and ——

SOAKEM. Will you continue with the records, Mrs. Scribbler?

MRS. S. Oh, very well. "On account of the low quality and high price of market chickens, it was voted that the chicken to be used for this supper be raised in the henyard and under the direction of Mr. A. Smith, and that a committee consisting of Miss Mehitabel Lee, Miss Lavinia Freedom, Miss Marion Mann, Miss Iva Lott, and Miss Amanda Spink be instructed to watch carefully the process of fattening the chickens and report after each visit as to the attention they received." That meant the chickens, of course, not the committee.

SOAKEM. Did the committee ever report?

MRS. S. Yes. On January 26th they visited the henyard and Mr. Smith, and reported that Mr. Smith certainly knew how to give chickens a good time. They especially mentioned one cute little broiler which they called Daisy White. They

took a picture of her with the camera which Mr. Smith gave to the chairwoman of the committee last Christmas.

SOAKEM. Would you recognize the photograph if you saw it?

MRS. S. I certainly would, because I thought at the time —

SOAKEM. Is this it? (*Hands out picture.*)

MRS. S. May I see it near to? I left my glasses at home, and I can't see anything without them. Why, last week I was going by Polly Wiggins' house, and I saw that Billy Bowlegs sitting on her front piazza with her, and I called out, "Hello, Billy," and come to find out, it wasn't Billy at all; it was that soda water clerk down at Hill's drug store. (*Takes photo.*) Yes, this is Daisy all right. She holds her head off on one side, just like Jennie Jenkins when she looks at Sammie Smiles; and she stands on one leg, sort of embarrassed, like Sam when he sees Jennie looking at him. That's Daisy.

SOAKEM. I'm through with the witness, your Honor.

JUDGE. Does the counsel for the defense wish to cross-examine?

WYNDYE. I do, your Honor.—I wish to remind the witness that she is on oath. Now, Mrs. Scribbler, do you know whether this Daisy White was really a tender, sweet young thing blooming with grace and beauty or a dilapidated antiquity of an old hen?

MRS. S. Why, I've been told —

WYNDYE. Do you *know*, of your own personal observation and experience?

MRS. S. Well, Mrs. Georgianna Jerusha Jimpson said —

WYNDYE. Did you ever see this Daisy yourself?

MRS. S. No, but I don't see —

WYNDYE. That's all, your Honor.

JUDGE. The witness is dismissed. Second witness for the prosecution.

SOAKEM. Mrs. Rev. R. U. Penitent will take the stand. (*She does so. She is wearing a hat trimmed with two very long black quills.*) Your name?

MRS. REV. R. U. PENITENT. Well, my real name is Irene Sylvie Marie Penitent, but if you wanted a letter to reach me, I'd advise you to address it to Mrs. R. U. Penitent. You know up at the post-office it's only our husbands that count. We can't vote yet, you see. But you just wait till we get the vote.

SOAKEM. What is your occupation?

MRS. P. Oh, I suppose most folks would say, "She's just the minister's wife."

SOAKEM. What are the duties of this position?

MRS. P. Why, most people think I write my husband's sermons and attend to his correspondence and make his pastoral calls for him while he goes fishing; but really I try to let him do all he can himself. Of course I do the housework and act as organist at the church, and do lots of little things like that.

SOAKEM. Do you know the prisoner?

MRS. P. Now, Mr. Soakem, I don't see any sense in a question like that. If you don't know that every one in town knows Mr. Henpeck you'd better get some glasses and try to see what's going on.

SOAKEM. Will you tell us what occurred, to your knowledge, that concerns the defendant, on Saturday night, January 27th?

MRS. P. I don't know what business it is of yours, but I'll tell you. I was just turning down the lamp in the kitchen after doing the supper dishes when I heard somebody knock at the back door. Of course it was pretty dark, and I'm a timid woman, and Mr. P. was hiding under the supper table, but I went to the door. There was Mr. Henpeck, with a big burlap bag in his hand and a ten inch smile on his face. He said he'd brought the minister his Sunday dinner, and gave me the burlap bag. He wouldn't come in; said he was in a hurry. Of course I opened the bag just as soon as the door closed behind him. I should have died if he'd stood there talking much longer and never telling me what was in that big bag. Well, it was a chicken, I guess; anyway, it wasn't plucked, so I started in to fix it. I plucked it. I pin-feathered it. I singed it. I cleaned it. I washed it. In fact, I did all the things one has to do to a freshly picked chicken. When I got through, I looked at the clock, and it said one minute to twelve. My, but I was glad that clock was half an hour slow. If it hadn't been, I'd have been breaking the Sabbath as sure as you're alive. We had the chicken for dinner the next day.

SOAKEM. That's all, your Honor.

JUDGE. Does the defense wish to cross-examine?

WYNDYE. Yes, your Honor. Mrs. Penitent, look me in the eye. The right eye, please; the left one is a trifle near-sighted. Now, answer me carefully. Was the chicken tender?

MRS. P. Was the chicken tender? Perhaps it was—once—but that must have been lo, these many years, before it went into my oven. Mr. Penitent said it must have been an aeroplane chicken.

WYNDYE. An aeroplane chicken? What kind of a chicken is that, pray?

MRS. P. Why, one that's all wings and machinery, and no meat.

WYNDYE. No meat? Why, I've heard of aeroplane meets. They're apt to come high, I understand. Do you mean this chicken was tough?

MRS. P. Yes. I think it must have been a Plymouth Rock. We finally got it carved. Mr. Penitent took it out to the wood-pile and broke his new axe on it. Then we ran it through the Universal Chopper, that is, most of it. The chopper broke before we got it all ground up. We ate some of it; the chicken, that is.

WYNDYE. You say you plucked this bird. Did you save any of the feathers?

MRS. P. Well, you know I have to plan pretty closely. A minister's salary isn't as big as Pierpont Morgan's. I saved two feathers.

WYNDYE. By any chance have you one of these feathers with you?

MRS. P. (*pointing to quills in hat*). Can't you *see* them?

WYNDYE. Your Honor, I ask that one of these feathers be presented to the Court as Exhibit B.

JUDGE. If the witness has no objection?

MRS. P. Well, here's the feather, but I want you to distinctly understand, Mr. Judge, that I've got to get it back.

JUDGE. The witness is dismissed. Next witness.

SOAKEM. Mr. Johnson. (*He takes the stand.*) Your name, sir?

MR. JOHNSON. M-m-m-my n-n-n-name is G-G-G-George W-W-W-Washington Thomas J-J-J-Jefferson John Quincy Adams Abraham L-L-L-Lincoln J-J-J-Johnson.

SOAKEM. Will you tell the jury the story of the events of the evening of January 26th, as you remember them?

JOHNSON. Y-y-y-yes, sir. B-b-b-but you may have n-n-n-noticed that I have a slight imp-p-p-pediment in my sp-p-p-peech, but I could s-s-s-s—I could s-s-s-sing it for you.

JUDGE. Better singing than selzer. Officer, bring me a towel; and an umbrella, too. Sing it, man, sing it.

(JOHNSON *sings the following, to the music of the once popular song, "Dat's de Way to Spell Chicken," sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents.*)

SONG

In a Pumpkin Corners hencoop
 In the stillness of the night,
 Sat a thoroughbred young chicken
 By the name of Daisy White ;
 And as she sat there spooning
 With a rooster young and spry,
 No dreams had she of fricassee
 Or of chicken stew or pie.
 Just then there came to her domain
 A chicken thief quite fat ;
 He grabbed her by her rubber neck,
 Put her in a bag, like that.
 Then he ran across the avenue,
 With a bulldog at his heels,
 He ran so fast, believe me, Judge,
 He passed ten automobiles.

CHORUS

C—that's the way to begin ;
 H—that's the next letter in ;
 I—that am the third ;
 C—that's two C's on the bird ;
 K—that's the fillin' in ;
 E—I's a-nearin' de en' ;
 C-H-I-C-K-E-N ;
 That's de man stole de chicken.

Upon the evening mentioned,
 I was going through the park
 To a fancy hen convention
 To be held just after dark ;
 But as I walked on slowly,
 I met that man right there.
 Says he, "I've got some chickens,
 And there's just one I can spare.

And as you are a friend of mine,
I'll sell it to you cheap."
I passed him out a dollar bill ;
The memory makes me weep.
For when I took that chicken out
She looked so young and fair,
That to eat a bird like Daisy White,
I simply couldn't bear.

So, your Honor and the Jury,
I gave him back his bird,
For I simply couldn't eat her,
For the reason you have heard.
But, Judge, I don't dare tell you
The cruel words he said,
When I handed back that chicken,
And took my bill instead.
So I think with me you will agree
That he is guilty quite ;
Just gaze upon that mug of his,
Then think of Daisy White,
Who in her innocence and youth
Was stolen from her coop —
It almost brings tears to my eyes
When I think she's in the soup.

JUDGE. Well, Mr. Wyndye, do you want to examine this human soda fountain ?

WYNDYE. No, your Honor, I'm not partial to death by drowning.

JUDGE. Then the witness may step down. Any further witnesses for the aid of the Ladies' Aid Society ?

SOAKEM. Your Honor, after the uncomplimentary, unparliamentary, and unsatisfactory things that have been said about my last witness, I scorn to introduce any more innocent individuals to be badgered and insulted by the counsel for the defense.

JUDGE. Very well. The defense will introduce its evidence.

WYNDYE. Your Honor, the first gentleman I shall call to the stand is well known to fame and on speaking terms with honesty and truthfulness, a thing I wish I could believe of the witnesses for the prosecution. Professor Puffer will take the

stand. (PROF. SOLOMON ARISTOTLE PUFFER *carries with him a very large book done up in brown paper.*) What is your full name, sir?

PUFFER. Solomon Aristotle Puffer.

WYNDYE. Your occupation?

PUFFER. I am president demeritus, dean of the granulated school, and professor of chickenism, roosterology, and henistics at Puffer's Academy, Pufferville Avenue, Puffertown, Me.

WYNDYE. Well, Professor Puffer, do you know anything about hens?

PUFFER. Sir, I know everything about hens.

WYNDYE. Did you ever write anything about hens?

PUFFER. Yes. I am the author, editor, publisher, printer, and sole agent of the volume entitled "The Complete Hen: a Compendium of Useless Misinformation about China Eggs, Incubators, and Sewing Circles." This retails at \$99.00 per volume, but on account of your being in a literary business, so to speak, I can let you have it for a nickel down and two two-cent stamps until paid for. The odd cent, of course, comes to me, and will be devoted to charity. I shall buy a cud of gum with it. Charity, you know, begins at home. I shall also include in this offer a five-year subscription to the Pumpkin Corners "Who's Who, Where, When, and Why," a monthly magazine published weekly and giving every day a sketch of some prominent citizen and his tastes in literature, art, and scandal. I also —

SOAKEM. Your Honor, may the witness talk on the subject?

JUDGE. The counsel for the defense will please state what he hopes to prove by this line of testimony.

WYNDYE. I desire to prove that the Ladies' Aid Society don't know a chicken from a lobster.

SOAKEM. May I ask whom the gentleman is calling a lobster?

WYNDYE. Well, the gentleman is certainly no spring chicken.

JUDGE. If this dispute does not cease at once, I shall adjourn the court and act as referee out in back of the court-house. The examination of the witness may proceed.

WYNDYE. What kind of food do you recommend, Professor, to make hens lay?

PUFFER. Why, er—layer cake, sir.

WYNDYE. Why are hen's eggs more popular than duck's eggs?

PUFFER. Hens advertise more. People don't take them for quacks, either.

WYNDYE. Do you mean they're advertising when they sneak around with a secretive, anxious expression, as though they were hatching a plot?

PUFFER. Yes. In reality, you know, they're plotting a hatch.

WYNDYE. Well, Professor, do you know the difference between a chicken and a rooster?

PUFFER. Yes; about ten cents a pound.

WYNDYE. Did you treat of this subject in the book you have mentioned?

PUFFER. Yes. One chapter is entitled, "When is it that a chicken is?"

WYNDYE. Will you read it to us?

PUFFER. Certainly. (*Opens bundle, produces book, and reads.*) Shall I begin with the introduction?

JUDGE. Have mercy. Just read about chickens.

PUFFER. Very well. "There are many questions aroused by the apparently innocent query: when is a chicken? First: Is a chicken a chicken when in the soup? To this we say No. He is more often veal or Camel's Extract of Feathers. Secondly: Is a chicken a chicken when in the market? Decidedly yes. So is a rooster so old that his hair is turning gray and his teeth falling out, and he has to walk with a cane. Finally: Is an egg a chicken? This puzzles us. If so, poached egg is identical with chicken stew, and a chicken thrown from the top of Bunker Hill monument would be a dropped egg.

"In my opinion the difference between eggs and chickens lies in their crust. A chicken is generally crustier than an egg. Eggs can with difficulty be persuaded to come out of their shells. They are the violets of poultry; shy and retiring by nature. On the other hand, chickens often have crust enough to invade all the neighbors' flower gardens and scratch up all the beautiful sunflowers and water lilies growing there. Eggs are not so crusty as this. To be sure, eggs sometimes meet unpopular politicians face to face without an introduction. This is nothing against the eggs, though. It is something against the politician. It is apt to result in his being in bad odor, both literally and figuratively. These arguments seem to prove conclusively that eggs and chickens are not identical.

"Next comes the absorbing problem of when a chicken ceases to be a chicken and becomes a hen or a rooster. This is easy. A hen is a fowl. A fowl is a baseball term. A term is a season. A baseball season is about five months. Therefore: a chicken

becomes a hen when it is five months old.—A rooster is one who roosts. A chicken roosts as soon as it can find a place to roost upon. This is generally when it is about one month old. This is where a chicken rooster gets four months' start of a she chicken. This proves that women should not be allowed to vote.

"There are other differences between hens and chickens. A hen has a larger bill than a chicken. But a grocer always sends a larger bill with a chicken than with a hen. This shows the perversity of grocers.

"Here are a few tests to show whether a chicken is an egg, a hen, or a rooster. If you can use the chicken for a drink, it is an egg. If you can use it for a feather duster, it is a hen. If you can use it for a spark plug, it is a rooster. Otherwise it may be a chicken.

"This is when it is that a chicken is."

WYNDYE. In your opinion, Professor, is this feather (*Exhibit B.*) from an egg, a chicken, a hen, or a rooster?

PUFFER. From a turkey buzzard, I should say.

WYNDYE. Not from a chicken?

PUFFER. More likely from an old hen.

MRS. P. (*rushing forward*). Do you know who you're calling an old hen? I'd have you know, Solly Puffer, that I'm not —

JUDGE. I shall have to ask the lady to settle her dispute with the professor outside of court. Do you wish to ask more questions?

WYNDYE. No more, your Honor.

SOAKEM. I have a few questions, Mr. Puffpuff —

PUFFER. Puffer, sir; Professor Puffer.

SOAKEM. Very well, Mr. Bluffer, then. You say you know all about hens. How many eggs are there in a dozen?

PUFFER. Five good ones, five doubtful ones, and two bad ones.

SOAKEM. Suppose you sold such a dozen eggs to Mr. Wyndye and he brought them back, what would you do about the bad eggs?

PUFFER. Make them good to him, of course.

SOAKEM. You say your book on hens is authoritative. Who has bought it so far?

PUFFER. No one, so far.

(SOAKEM sits down.)

JUDGE. The witness is dismissed. Next witness for the defense?

WYNDYE. Mrs. John Jones will take the stand. (*She does so.*) Your name?

MRS. JOHN JONES. Jemima Jerusha Judith Jackson Jones.

WYNDYE. Occupation?

MRS. J. Minding the baby and chaperoning my unmarried sister and Ahasuerus Smith.

WYNDYE. The fellow that they say raised the hens?

MRS. J. The same.

WYNDYE. I take it, then, that you are familiar with the vicinity of Mr. Smith's chicken-yard?

MRS. J. Fairly so.

WYNDYE. Will you tell us what you saw there the evening of January 26th?

MRS. J. May I read from my diary? I put it down the same night before I went to bed.

WYNDYE. If the Court has no objection?

JUDGE. No; I've always wondered what a woman's diary really was like.

MRS. J. January 26. 11 o'clock. Temperature, 5 above 0. Wind northeast. Went to meeting to-night. Such exciting experiences. I don't mean in the meeting. After it. Several of the girls saw Ahasuerus Smith home, and I went along as chaperon. I waited for them in the road while they took leave of Hazzie, as they call him, in the shade of the pumpkin vine that is draped over the front piazza. Well, what did I see but a dark form crouching along by the stone wall. It came nearer. I could see two eyes gleaming fiendishly in the darkness. It came still nearer. I could hear the low, hushed, hoarse breathing of the creature as he stealthily approached. Still nearer and nearer. It passed. I almost shrieked aloud as I recognized in the dim light that fell from the distant stars the pallid countenance of a member of the church I attend—Mr. Johnson.

WYNDYE. The third witness for the prosecution?

MRS. J. Exactly. He had a burlap bag over one shoulder. There was something in it that wiggled and squawked once. After he went past I listened for a while longer to the girls singing, and then called them, and we went home.

WYNDYE. What singing do you refer to?

MRS. J. Why, the girls were serenading Hazzie. Didn't I tell you?

WYNDYE. Can you give us an idea of their singing?

MRS. J. Certainly. Here's one song. Lizzie Liston wrote the words to it.

(MRS. J. *sings the following, to the music of "Silver Threads Among the Gold," sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents.*)

SONG

Hazzie, we are growing old ;
 Silver threads among the gold
 Shine above our marble brows,
 Guiltless yet of marriage vows.
 But, dear bachelor, you'll be, you'll be
 Always fair to such as we —
 Yes, you'll always, always be
 Fair to maidens such as we.

CHORUS

For my dear, like you we're growing old ;
 Silver threads among the gold
 Bid us hustle while we may,
 Ere our last chance fades away.

Opportunities are few,
 So at last we turn to you ;
 Were this Leap Year, we would say,
 Marry some one, please, to-day.
 Sweeter life would be with thee, with thee,
 Than ice-cream could ever be ;
 Oh, relieve our agony —
 Which shall be the lucky she ?

JUDGE. I think you've had the witness long enough, Brother Wyndye. Any questions from the opposition ?

SOAKEM. Yes, your Honor. Did you see any other man besides Mr. Johnson in the vicinity of the Smith hen-house on the evening in question ?

MRS. J. Why, yes. Mr. Henry Henpeck was there too. He was right with Mr. Johnson. They were walking together. Each had a burlap bag.

SOAKEM. That is all, your Honor.

JUDGE. And quite enough. Call the next witness for the defense.

WYNDYE. Mr. Sweeney. (Mr. I. B. SWEENEY *takes the stand.*) Your name, sir?

SWEENEY. I. B. Sweeney.

WYNDYE. Yes, I know you are Sweeney. But what is your full name?

SWEENEY. I. B. Sweeney, I tell you; *I. B.* Sweeney.

WYNDYE. Yes, yes. We know you are. But is Sweeney all the name you have?

SWEENEY. Oh, you want my front monacker, do you? Irving Booth Sweeney.

WYNDYE. Your occupation, Mr. Sweeney?

SWEENEY. I used to be with Richard Mansfield in Shakespearian productions in New York. He played Hamlet, and I played the bass viol. I have also appeared in the company of Sir Berbohm Tree. It was thusly —

JUDGE. We want your present occupation, sir; not your autobiography.

SWEENEY. Oh. I'm married now.

WYNDYE. Is that all you do?

SWEENEY. *All* I do? Guess you don't know my wife.

WYNDYE. Do you know the defendant in this case?

SWEENEY. Sure. He's a friend of mine.

SOAKEM. Your Honor, out of an innate sense of justice, even at the risk of hurting my own case, I protest against this wanton attack on the prisoner's reputation.

SWEENEY. You misunderstood me. I didn't say he was a friend of *yours*.

WYNDYE. Did you see the defendant on the afternoon of January 27th?

SWEENEY. I did. I was getting on a car for Danvers when I saw the defendant sitting in a rear seat talking most earnestly with George Alphabet Johnson. Johnson's coat was covered with feathers. Johnson had a big burlap bag with him, and pretty soon I saw Mr. Henpeck take out a dollar bill and give it to Johnson, who handed over the bag in exchange for the money.

WYNDYE. Do you know this Johnson's reputation?

SWEENEY. He hasn't any.

WYNDYE. That is all, your Honor.

SOAKEM (*at a nod from* JUDGE). Now, Mr. Ivory Bonehead Sweeney —

SWEENEY. Don't insult me, sir.

SOAKEM. Impossible, sir. It couldn't be done. Now,

Sweeney, what were you, a married man, doing on a car bound for the Danvers Bachelor Maids' Tango Tea?

SWEENEY. I won't tell you. My wife's in the audience.

SOAKEM. I submit that the witness is in contempt of court, your Honor. He should be forced to answer.

WYNDYE. Your Honor, this is unconstitutional. I submit that no one can legally be forced to incriminate himself.

JUDGE. Will the Clerk of Court please read the law concerning contempt of court?

CLERK. "Laws of the state of Matrimony. Section 4-11-44. Whosoever shall in any court wherein a case of equity, law, or Welch's Grape Juice is being tried, show contempt of said court, law, or grape juice, or shall refuse to answer any question concerning the case under trial, shall be held guilty of an infraction of the law known as the Poor Foods and Druggists' Actions, and shall be punished by a fine not exceeding a one-cent stamp, or by a five days' imprisonment in the Ananias Club."

JUDGE. The prisoner—I should say the witness—is clearly guilty of something or other, either under this act or some other that I've forgotten. I therefore fine him a one-cent stamp. He is excused from further testimony. He's been shown up enough as it is. Are there any more witnesses to be introduced? (*Both lawyers shake their heads.*) Thank heaven. Mr. Wyndye will close for the defense.

WYNDYE. Your Honor, I'm glad there isn't any time limit on arguments, for as you see, I have literally a *long* speech. (*Unrolls a long manuscript made by pasting together small sheets of paper. On this his speech is written.*) Your Dis-honor, Gentle and Ladies' men of the Jury. This is a hard case. I do not refer, your Honor, to the prisoner at the bar. Far from it. But Ladies and non-ladies of the Jury, despite the fact that I have spent long years courting in this grand old state of Matrimony, I do not remember ever having seen a case which was so flagrant an example of injustice, persecution, and airy persiflage.

Let us review briefly the status of the case. The charge is brought by the Ladies' Aid Society. Women are always starting charge accounts. It is a habit, a mere habit, with them. It should not be taken seriously. And whom do these women accuse? Another woman? For once, no. They bring this horrible accusation against a mere man. The motive of envy and spite behind this persecution is obvious. I am unable to

comprehend how any patriotic man, like my friend the learned counsel for the prosecution, can lend his eloquence and his eminent ability to such a dastardly conspiracy, such a slap in the face of the masculine sex.

And what is the case which has been built up against my persecuted and oppressed client? None, your Honor, absolutely none. What evidence has been adduced to connect him in the remotest way with this *fowl* outrage, this desecration of the rooster's family circle? None, your Honor, absolutely none.

Who are the witnesses for the complainant? With one exception, women; members of the prosecuting party; prejudiced and partial witnesses, whose testimony may well be relegated to innocuous and oblivious desuetude. The one exception, the one male who has sunk his pride of sex to the ignoble task of testifying for the prosecution, has done so, I submit, from the sole motive of concealing his own guilt. At him, then, who we have seen by the testimony of unimpeachable and peachy witnesses, placed in close proximity to the henyard of A. Smith on the fatal evening of January 26th; at him, and not at the defendant in this case, I point the forefinger of righteous indignation and say, "You're It!"

I would point out to you, gentlemen and gentle ladies of the jury, another remarkable feature of this most remarkable case. The indictment charges the theft of a chicken. Was Daisy White a chicken? She *was* not. She was a disreputable old rip of a rooster, with a disposition like Hamlet, a complexion like Othello, and a reputation as ragged as a tramp's Sunday trousers. Even if you were to find my client guilty of eloping with Daisy, you could never find him guilty of thereby stealing a chicken. Daisy was anything but a spring chicken, gentlemen.

But my client was not guilty. Gaze upon him. Note the pallor of shame that overspreads his open work countenance at the mere thought of being charged with so horrible an offense. Where else can you find a countenance more expressive of a clear conscience and a good digestion? Where else, I demand of you, in all this broad domain over which the American dollar flaunts his bill, and, shaking his dewy pinions abroad, crows exultant welcome to the unblushing dawn—where else, from the far north where the polar bear shakes the pole with the vibrations of his frigid roar, to the far south where the equatorial python dislocates the equator with the writhings of his squirmy

tail—where else, from the far east where the colonial apple tree burgeons forth at the autumnal equinox with a profusion of purple and azure blossoms, to the equally far west where the citrus bearing fruit trees hand a lemon to every careless passer-by—where else, I repeat, will you find a countenance like my client's, at once so full of innocence, interest, intelligence, and ice-cream?

He is not guilty! Let the eagle scream it to the mountains; let the rooster proclaim it to the barnyard; let the chicken warble it to the can of Campbell's Soup on the pantry shelf. He is not guilty! Therefore, gentle ladies and men of the jury, I entreat you to return him unscathed to the bosom of his bereaved widow and sixteen children, and to remove forever this stigma from the fair name of Henry Henpeck.

JUDGE. We will now listen to the closing argument for the prosecution.

SOAKEM. I have not the eloquence of my friend the learned counsel for the defense. I am glad of it. That's one disease I never had.

The eloquent counsel for the defense has sought in his address to give a black eye to the motives of the complainants in this case. The eloquent counsel for the defense has sought to throw mud on the clean shirt-waist of American womanhood. I protest against this cowardly attack.

Woman! The purest, sweetest, best of all the creations of Art! Where would men be without women, your Honor? I don't know. In peace, perhaps. Woman! She is the nurse of our infancy, the mother-in-law of our maturity, the landlady of our dotage. She is supreme among diplomats and unrivaled among grafters. All countries conspire to make her beautiful, and once in a while the conspiracy is a success. Her garments are woven of silks from China and India; her jewels come from the Kimberly diamond mines and the Springfield Glass Works; her hair comes from the five and ten cent store, and her complexion from the corner druggist's. As the poet says:

“ Oh, woman, in thy hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with thy face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

What is man, that he dares to insult and flout a being thus fearfully and wonderfully made up? Your Honor, I label the man who has thus dared as more brave than wise.

Your Honor, this case is very simple and clear. We have shown that the prisoner had a motive for his crime : a desire to get a free pass to heaven by bribing the minister with fried chicken. We have shown that he had the opportunity. Even one of the witnesses for the defense helped us to locate the guilty wretch in the vicinity of the fatal hen-coop.

Your Honor, the crime that has been committed is one of unparalleled atrocity. A crime against a chicken is a crime against all that is tender and true and beautiful. Allow me to quote the beautiful words of Oliver Wendell Homer in his ode to the chicken, entitled, "Old Ironsides" :

" Yes, take your ham and eggs away ;
Squash pies my stomach sicken ;
But let my menu every day
Contain one little chicken."

Ah, friends, I weep when I think what a heinous, nay what a hen-house crime it was to snatch this pretty young broiler from the bosom of her family.

Picture the performance of the atrocious deed. As the moon is enveloped in heavy clouds the criminal who sits there trembling at the bar of injustice—aye, look well upon the cringing wretch—this hardened criminal creeps along stealthily toward the happy home which he hopes so soon to turn into a scene of woe and distress. See him as he sticks his hand in at the door of that humble dwelling ! See how he seizes upon his unsuspecting victim and bears her away ! She would fain shriek ; she would fain squawk her remonstrance ; but his merciless hand clutches in a throttling grasp her beautiful rubber neck.

Such is the crime, ladies and gents of the jury, that by unimpeachable and peachy witnesses we have fastened upon the prisoner. I am not of a vindictive nature, your Honor, but I feel that this wretch should be punished to the fullest extent of the law. The blood of Daisy White, that fair young life brought to so untimely an end, cries out for revenge. Your duty is clear. If you bring in a verdict of guilty, there will rise from the henyards of the world the clarion call, "Well done."

JUDGE. So much has been said by the worthy and wordy lawyers in this case that there is little left for me to say. Just this. If you think that the prisoner deserves punishment, whether he did it or not, bring in a verdict of guilty, and I'll

do the rest. That's the way it's done in all the courts now. The clerk will read the law bearing on the case.

CLERK. Whosoever shall, wheresoever or whensoever, with felonious intent, malice aforethought, or a can opener, steal, take, obtain, seize, abscond with, elope with, or otherwise lure away any chicken, squab, broiler, or other undomestic fowl, shall upon complaint of the party bereft of said undomestic hen, rooster, fowl, or other bird, and upon illegal proof of his having committed the alleged crime or some other, be sentenced to a term of five days' hard labor shoveling snow on the Pumpkin Corners Horse Car Railway in the good old winter time.

JUDGE. The Jury will retire to the jury room to decide upon a verdict. Meanwhile the Court will be entertained by a solo upon the vocal organs by Miss Sally Simpkins of Miller's Mills. (*Song: "Everybody Loves a Chicken," or any other popular and appropriate song. The JURY reënters.*) Have you agreed upon a verdict?

JAMES. Sure.

JUDGE. The prisoner will stand and hear the verdict of the Jury. Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?

JAMES. Guilty.

JURORS. No. He's not guilty. The foreman's a grafter.

JUDGE. Well, it doesn't make any difference anyway. I say he's guilty, and in this court what I say goes. Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?

HENPECK. Yes, sir, I have. I ——

JUDGE. Keep it to yourself, then. You're sentenced hereby to eat at one sitting ten of Ma Hopkins's squash pies. And may the Lord have mercy on your soul. Court's adjourned.

CURTAIN

New Plays

THE COLONEL'S MAID

A Comedy in Three Acts

By C. Leona Dalrymple

Author of "The Time of His Life," "The Land of Night," etc.

Six males, three females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening. An exceptionally bright and amusing comedy, full of action; all the parts good. Capital Chinese low comedy part; two first-class old men. This is a very exceptional piece and can be strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

COLONEL ROBERT RUDD, a widower of <i>North Carolina</i>	} <i>mortally antagonistic.</i>
COLONEL RICHARD BYRD, a widower <i>of South Carolina</i>	
MARJORIE BYRD } BOB RUDD }	} <i>not so antagonistic as their respective fathers.</i>
MRS. J. JOHN CARROLL, a widow, and Colonel Rudd's sister-in-law.	
JULIA CARROLL, her daughter.	
NED GRAYDON, a young gentleman of exceedingly faulty memory.	
MR. JAMES BASKOM, Colonel Rudd's lawyer.	
CHING-AH-LING, the Chinese cook, a bit impertinent but by far the most important individual in the cast.	

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Early morning in the kitchen of the Rudd bachelor establishment.

ACT II.—The Rudd library, five days later.

ACT III.—The same. Evening of the same day.

BREAKING THE ENGAGEMENT

A Farce in One Act

By W. C. Parker

Two males, one female. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays twenty minutes. A quick playing little piece suitable for vaudeville use. Very bright and snappy and strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

A PAPER MATCH

A Farce in One Act

By E. W. Burt, M. D.

Two males, two females. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty-five minutes. Four rustic characters, all good. The heroine advertises for a husband and gets her aunt's old beau to their mutual horror. Very funny, easy and effective.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

A PAIR OF CRACKER-JACKS

A Farce-Comedy in Three Acts

By Scott Byrnes

Four males, four females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior. Plays two hours and a half. An unusually lively and amusing farce for a very small cast, easy to produce and effective in performance. All the parts are good and the laughs equally distributed. Produced professionally in 1904; professional acting rights reserved. Royalty of ten dollars (\$10.00) for amateur performance required by the author.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JACK CRACKER, <i>a hard cracker.</i>	MRS. JACK CRACKER, <i>Jack's wife.</i>
JACK CRACKER, 2D, <i>a fire-cracker.</i>	ESTELLE CLAYTON, <i>Jack 2d's fiancée.</i>
JUNIUS BRUTUS BANG, <i>in the "profesh."</i>	FLO. ATKINS, <i>Jack's niece.</i>
COFFEE, <i>a colored brother.</i>	KATRINA VON HOOT, <i>Flo's double.</i>

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Afternoon. Exhortations.

ACT II.—The same afternoon. Complications.

ACT III.—The same evening. Congratulations.

THE LITTLE CO-ED

A Vaudeville Sketch in One Act

By Hamilton Coleman and Harry Osborne

One male, who plays three parts, and one female. Costumes modern; scenery an easy interior. Plays twenty-five minutes. A bright and lively little sketch originally produced in vaudeville by Yuill and Boyd. A strong piece for a lady, full of points and action. Can be strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

THE SAME MAN

A Comedy Sketch in One Act

By Lida L. Coghlan

Two female characters. Costumes modern; scenery unimportant. Plays twenty minutes. A very clever and effective sketch for two young girls. Can be done entirely without stage or scenery or other preparation than mere memorizing and rehearsal. Played rapidly it is a sure success. A good bit for an exhibition programme.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

THE REBELLION OF MRS. BARCLAY

A Comedy of Domestic Life

In Two Acts

By May E. Countryman

Three male, six female characters. Costumes modern; scenery, easy interiors. Plays one hour and three quarters. A clever and amusing comedy with a very popular cast; all the parts evenly good. There are many Mr. Barclays making their homes more or less uncomfortable all over this country, and Mrs. Barclay's method of curing her particular one will be sympathetically received. Good Irish comedy parts, male and female. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MORTON BARCLAY.

ROGER STUART, *a neighbor.*

DENNIS O'HARA.

ETHEL BARCLAY, *Morton's wife.*

RUTH CARTER, *Ethel's sister.*

MRS. BROWN, *Morton's sister.*

CORA, *her daughter.*

ELSIE STUART, *Roger's sister.*

MARY ANN O'CONNOR.

PA'S NEW HOUSEKEEPER

A Farce in One Act

By Charles S. Bird

Three male, two female characters. Modern costumes; scenery, a simple interior or none at all. Plays forty minutes. A roaring farce of the "Charley's Aunt" order, admirably suited for high-school performance. Jack Brown, visiting his chum, is tempted by his success in college theatricals to make up in the character of the new housekeeper, an attractive widow, who is expected but does not arrive. He takes in everybody and mixes things up generally. All the parts are first rate and the piece full of laughs and action. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

A PRODIGAL SON

A Comedy in One Act

By Raymond M. Robinson

Two male, three female characters. Costumes modern; scenery, an easy interior. Plays half an hour. A very original and amusing bit of fooling, easy to do and sure to please. The leading character is a tramp and full of opportunity. Well recommended.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

HOW JIM MADE GOOD

A Comedy-Drama in Four Acts

By Charles S. Bird

Seven males, three females; two male parts can be doubled. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays two hours. An unusually sympathetic play, well suited to amateurs. Clean and easy to get up. Recommended to high schools. All the parts are good.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

(As originally produced December 9, 1910, in the Opera House, Natrona, Pa., for the benefit of the Ladies' Industrial Society of the Natrona Presbyterian Church.)

EBEN LOVEJOY, of Hillside farm	C. S. Bird.
JIM JONES, a farm hand; good as gold	Edward Lemon.
WALTER WAYNE, the new schoolmaster	Roy Cook.
STEVE HAMMOND, a ne'er-do-well; Eben's nephew .	Edward Dean.
SI STAPLES, landlord of the Hillside Hotel . .	Jacob Carr.
JABEZ ELDER, a member of the schoolboard . .	Thomas Lardin
A TRAMP, who makes good	
MRS. LOVEJOY, Eben's wife, who believes in Jim .	Agnes Bird
LUCY LOVEJOY, her daughter, whom you can't help loving	Mabel Snebold
CORA HARLOW, the Lovejoys' "help"; a born tease.	Mary Larson

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Sitting-room at Hillside Farm.

ACT II.—The Lovejoys' Kitchen.

ACT III.—Office of the Hillside Hotel.

ACT IV.—Same as Act I.

ALL ABOUT ADAM

A Comedy in Two Acts

By Alice C. Thompson

One male, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays one hour. A very easy and effective play of that much wanted class that calls for more women than men. Just a sweet, clean little play suited to any one that wants something nice and wholesome.

Price, 15 cents

AN ALARM OF FIRE

A Farce in One Act

By H. S. Griffith

Three males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior. Plays thirty minutes. A capital little piece narrating the incidents of an interrupted proposal. All parts good; one very effective stuttering character. Clean, bright and amusing. Can be recommended for schools.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

THE COLLEGE CHAP

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts

By Harry L. Newton and John Pierre Roche

Eleven males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays two and a half hours. An admirable play for amateurs. Absolutely American in spirit and up-to-date; full of sympathetic interest but plenty of comedy; lots of healthy sentiment, but nothing "mushy." Just the thing for high schools; sane, effective, and not difficult.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

ELIJAH GOODING, *a village product.*

SETH HINES, *just as tired.*

ART WIMPEL, *chief clerk, Occidental Hotel.*

SAMUEL CRANE, *proprietor of the Occidental Hotel.*

STARR CLAY, *promoter of Fay I. C. Trolley Line.*

BART EATON, *factotum of the "Clarion."*

JOHN DREW IRVING, *advance agent and drummer.*

WILL SELSUM, *a traveling salesman.*

BILL, *a bell-boy.*

GEORGE, *another.*

DAVE CRANE, *the college chap.*

SALLIE CRANE, *in love with Art.*

MRS. JANE CRANE, *the mother.*

MADGE CLAY, *the girl.*

GERTIE FLYE, *the news stand girl.*

MRS. MORTIMER JONES-BROWN, *a progressive woman.*

MRS. HEZIAH JENKS, *of the Chester Culture Club.*

MISS MARGARET SEYMOUR, *secretary of Chester Culture Club.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Office of the Occidental Hotel.

ACT II.—Office of the Chester *Clarion*, six months later.

ACT III.—Office of the Occidental Hotel, eight months later.

A TELEGRAM FROM DAD

A Farce in One Act

By J. M. Taylor

Six males, one female; the latter can be played by a man. Costumes, modern; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A college farce, very swift and snappy. Recommended.

Price, 15 cents.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

A Farce in One Act

By D. M. Henderson

Three males, two females. Costumes modern; scenery, one interior. Plays twenty minutes. A brisk and snappy little farce, easy and amusing. Suited for any use.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

RED ACRE FARM

A Rural Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Gordan V. May

Author of "*Bar Haven*," "*At Random Run*," etc.

Seven males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, one interior, one exterior. Plays two hours. An easy and entertaining play with a well-balanced cast of characters. The story is strong and sympathetic and the comedy element varied and amusing. Barnaby Strutt is a great part for a good comedian; "Junior" a close second. Strongly recommended.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

JOSIAH ARMSTRONG, *the owner of Red Acre Farm.*

COLONEL BARNABY STRUTT, "*Crawling Codwollopers*."

JONAH JONES, *a farm helper.*

SQUIRE HARCOURT, *who holds a mortgage.*

HARRY HARCOURT, *his profligate son.*

DICK RANDALL, *who seeks his fortune.*

TOM BUSBY, *a traveling merchant.*

AMANDA ARMSTRONG, *Josiah's wife.*

NELLIE ARMSTRONG, *driven from home.*

LAURA ARMSTRONG, *a poor, weak sinner.*

MRS. BARNABY STRUTT, *the Colonel's wife.*

"JUNIOR," *adopted daughter of the Strutts.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Living-room of Armstrong's home. Spring.

ACT II.—Garden in front of Armstrong's home. Summer.

ACT III.—Same as Act I. Winter.

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THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males,
seven females. Costumes, mod-
ern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts.
Eight males, five
females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a
full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males,
four females. Scene, a single interior,
costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE THUNDERBOLT Comedy in Four Acts. Ten males,
nine females. Scenery, three interi-
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THE TIMES Comedy in Four Acts. Six males, seven females.
Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays
a full evening.

THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males,
eight females. Costumes, modern;
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